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HAPPY EFFECTS OF FILIAL PIETY.

IN a great sea port, in one of the most distant provinces in France there lived a merchant, who had carried on trade with equal honor and prosperity, until he was turned of fifty years of age, and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements, and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, reduced into such a situation as doubled his distress.

His soul resource in this sad situation, was the reflection that upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing either of iniquity or imprudence appeared. He thought it best therefore to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was very kindly received by some, and very civilly by all; from whence he received great hopes, which he communicated to his family. But these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized and sent to a goal.

As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son who was turned of nineteen, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he painted the distress of the family, in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss, but a victim, let your resentment devolve upon me. Let me suffer instead of my father, and the miseries of a prison will seem light, in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus, sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin!" And there his tears and sighs stopped his utterance.

His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees in this condition, for a full quarter of an hour. He then sternly bid him rise and sit down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find, said he, there is yet something more valuable than money. I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy. Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither, and let us bury in the joy of this alliance, all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms, was freed from that fatal error; and providence vindicated the manner of its proceding, by thus bringing light out of darkness, and through a short scene of misery, reward a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity which they so well deserved.

SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS ON LOVE.

> ..... In solitude
> What happiness? who can enjoy alone
> Or, all enjoying, what contentment find.
> MILTON.

Perhaps there may be some in whom a susceptibility of excitement has become extinct, who may suppose that this subject does not deserve serious attention; but as it always will have a powerful effect upon young and vigorous minds, it claims with the greatest propriety, the consideration of a speculative writer. The moral sentiment which accompanies that of virtuous love, is very expansive and gives to the noblest feelings of the heart, their utmost extension.

As nature has assigned to the province of this passion, which is designed to be the means of reperpetuating human life, all the animal sensations, she has likewise, united in it all the sentiments of the soul, so that love presents to two lovers, not only the sentiments which blend with our wants, and with the instinct of our misery, such as those of protection, of assistance, of confidence, of repose, but all the sublime instincts, besides, which elevate man above humanity.

Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, a substance pure in itself, emits fetid vapours while it is consuming infected matter; in the same manner if love is nourished by vices, it only produces shameful desires, forms criminal designs, and is followed by troubles, cares and misfortunes.

It often happens that young men form attachments prematurely and have cause afterwards to regret that they had not waited 'till their judgement was riper. The difficulty and distress in which these sometimes involve themselves, is so remarkable, as to claim the sympathy of their connections and friends; but if this should be withheld, and they should be treated with too much severity and contempt, as they frequently are, when any thing of an illicit nature has occurred, they are often precipitated more rapidly into the vortex of ruin.

I would by no means incur the imputation of being the libertine's advocate, or attempting to gild over the characters of those deeply stained with the black'ning dye of vice: on the contrary, I must beg leave to declare that none are, in my opinion, so richly deserving of public detestation, as those whose vices render them the terror of the virtuous. All I contend for is, that a less severe sentence be passed on the accidental *faux pas* of a warm, lively imagination, stimulated by quick sensibility, and a vigorous constitution. I condemn, I abhor premeditated villainy!—Many young men, within the limits of my own observation, have been so frown'd on by the grave, for trifling misdemeanors, and on this account so shunned and slighted by their equals in age, that, from the despair of ever looking the world in the face, they have grown totally negligent of their reputation, and suffered themselves to sink irrecoverably into the gulph of vice. Yet some of these were so far from being destitute of parts, that the wise Author

of Nature had endowed them with abilities by no means inconsiderable.

The more pure and unworn by passion of any kind the minds of youth are preserved, the more likely they will be to experience a happy and permanent establishment in virtuous affections, when the proper time arrives for love to unfold itself. Many a fine genius that might have shone as a star of the first magnitude, has been eclipsed by too early, or, improper, indulgence in the pleasures of love. Those young men in particular, who are engaged in literary pursuits, should avoid, in time, every excitement to a guilty passion,

..... " For 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Disolves in air away: while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing smile; the modest seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous form, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful showes, and meads of fatal joy."

Copy of a Letter from a woman in Europe to her husband in America.

Pardon me for interrupting you with an account of those whom you must have endeavoured to erase from your memory; in justice to your children I thought it my duty to inform you of their present situation. You used to say, that you would not send them to a common school lest they should learn vulgarity, but that you would go to America in the view of acquiring a fortune, that you might have it in your power to give them a genteel education. Now I have been informed that you have been successful, but that you have taken up with a mistress and seem to be contented where you are.—The small sum which you left me would not admit of my living long in town, I therefore retired with the little ones about thirty miles into the country, where I rent a cottage with a garden, and subsist by taking in some needle-work at which business Matilda is now capable of yielding me considerable assistance, she has grown a fine girl and has made you a pair of ruffles and several other little things, at which she is very ingenious; as she sits at her work she often says with a sigh, " when will my dear papa return!" but if at any time she detects the tear, which I always endeavour to conceal, she never fails to exert all her little arts of consolation. I have taught her to read very prettily in our best English poets, and she often repeats the story of Lavinia which she has learned by heart.

Billy has become a stout active boy, and as he advances in years, seems more and more to resemble you; his genius leads to something manly and athletic, he used often to mount your cane and ride it about the house, and he now says he will have a little horse when his papa comes home.

Dear little Mary whom you know was not quite two years old when you left us, is now a sweet lovely lass, and very much caressed by all who visit us; she takes great delight in gathering nosegays, feeding the poultry and taking care of a pet lamb, which constantly attends her in her little romantic excursions. She is a very sensible child, and so tender hearted, that she will not so much as hurt a fly; but seems to have lost all recollection of you.—I have taken care not to inform the children of your present situation; if you are contented in it, I do not expect that any thing tbat I can say will have much effect, I must therefore bid you adieu.

P. S. As I cannot afford to send the children to a suitable school, I have undertaken to teach them myself, and this employment helps to beguile many a lonesome hour.

Description of Pompey's Pillar in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, in Egypt, and an Anecdote of some English sea Officers there. By Mr. Irwin.

In the afternoon a large party of us sallied out to take a view of Pompey's Pillar, the theme of the present age, and the admiration of past times! Besides my companions and myself we were joined by the two English commanders of the ships in the harbour, and Monsier Meillon, and some young gentlemen of the French factory. We mounted the first asses that presented themselves for hire, and, attended by our Janizary, took the course we pursued yesterday. We left the convent on our right, and presently came among broken arches and long pavements, which are the remains of an aqueduct. Several towers reared up their dismantled heads on each side of us, whose appearance pronounces them to have been posts of great importance and strength.

A number of stately pillars next engaged our attention. They are placed in two parallel lines and seem to have formerly supported some magnificent portico. The pillars are of granite, or Thebaic marble, and about thirty feet high, of a single stone; and we counted no less than thirty of them still standing. But however choice these columns might be in any other place, they were but foils to the pillars which now appeared before us. We had been buried amid the ruins and the hills of sand which the winds have thrown up, when, leaving the city by the gate of Roseto, we came unexpected upon the pillar. It is impossible to tell which is most worthy of admiration, the height, the workmanship, or the condition of this pillar. By the best accounts we can obtain, it is an hundred and ten feet high. The shaft, which is of a single stone of granite, is ninety feet, and the pedestal is twenty feet more. It is of the Corinthian order, which gives a beautiful dignity to its simplicity, rarely to be met with in modern architecture. It has suffered little or no injury from time. The polish upon the shaft has wonderfully withstood the buffeting of the tempest; and it promises to hand down a patriot name to the latest posterity of the ignorant native, who has no other trace of the fame of Pompey! The pedestal has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are curious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down about four years ago, by a prank of some English captains which is too ludicrous to pass over.

The jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the cann on board of one of the ships in the harbour until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprizing heroes pushed a-shore to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going for-

ward, and flocked in crouds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told, that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey.

He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.

To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these mad-caps, in a situation so elevated, as would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of the volute before mentioned, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made, amply compensated for this mischief; as without their evidence the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ancle of which are still remaining. The statue was probably of Pompey himself; and must have been a of gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a heighth.

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not demonstrated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left us a token of the fact, by the initials of their names which are very legible in black paint, just beneath the capital.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY A LADY.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible; and experience informs us, that it ever was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sound, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight; when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession: and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side. Let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding, much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the hearts of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends, by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other; and not shew his wife, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart, or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not only expensive, but they likewise tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other.

DISCOVERIES.

[*From the European Magazine.*]

Oxygenated muriatic acid, combined with distilled water, in proportion to the nature of the case in which it is to be employed, has been found efficacious in the cure of various maladies: extensive gangrenous ulcers have been cured, by an external application of it, in a few days. Professor Proust has discovered a new fulminating powder, a mixture of oxygenated muriate with arsenic, which takes fire with the rapidity of lightning, and is violent beyond any other compound whatever in its effects. Other fulminating powders which detonate violently, are made of the exidulous sulphate of mercury, the oxilate of silver, oxygenated muriate of lead, &c.

A PEEP AT A BALL.

[*From Mr. Inkle's second Letter.*]

.....

Alas! my dear wife, I can never describe
Bath's beautiful nymphs, that adorable tribe,
Who like Mexican Queens in the picture which you may
Have seen of the court of the great Montezuma,
Sat in solemn array, and diversify'd plume,
That shed o'er their charms its delectable gloom;
But at what time they heard the horn's echoing bellow,
The hautboy's shrill twang, the brisk fiddle, the mellow
Bassoon, and the sweet-grumbling violoncello,
At what time they heard the men puff and belabour
With mouth, stick, and fist, the gay pipe and the tabor,
At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,
And take wing like wild-geese alarm'd with a gun,
In a moment came bustling and rustling between one,
Some coupl'd like rabbits, a fat and a lean one,
Some prance'd up before, some did backward rebound,
While some more in earnest, with looks more profound,
And sweat-bedew'd foretops, did lard the lean ground;
But others more neat, on the pastern arose
Like the figure of PAN, whom you've seen I suppose,
Just saluting the turf with the tips of his toes;
And as nothing, I think, can more please and engage
Than a contrast of stature, complexion, and age,
Miss *Curd* with a partner as black as *Omiah*,
Kitty Tit shook her heels with old Doctor *Goliah*,
And little *John Crop*, like a poney just nickt,
With long *Dolly Loaderhead* scamper'd and kickt,....
Ah! sweet *Dolly Loaderhead*—who can believe
Who for truth such reports of bright beauty receive?
Yet I hear—tho' perfum'd you such odours display,
And breathe in December the fragrance of May,
If your head were well open'd by louse-piercing *Dunn*,
We should all be convinc'd, by more senses than one,
Tho' so powder'd and plumaged it came to the feast,
It had ne'er tasted small-comb this twelve-month at least,
As for *Madge*, tho' young *Squirt* had been promis'd the honour,
Billy Dasher stept forth, and at once seiz'd upon her;
His air was so pleasing, so soft were his speeches,
Not to mention his new sattin flesh-colour'd breeches,
With a shoe like a sauce-boat, and steeple-clock'd hose,
And a silken soubise, that bob'd up to his nose,
With a watch in each pocket, one lent by his mother,
To prove that one leg should keep time with the other,
With a club like a coach-horse's tail in a strap,
And his coat like his beaver curtail'd of its flap,
With a sleeve you'd have said had been sew'd to his arm,....
No wonder, dear wife, *Billy Dasher* should charm;
While with flames that keen jealousy's rage did improve,
Poor *Squirt* felt the heart-rending passion of love.—

* *A celebrated Hair-Dresser at Bath.*

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

The following beautiful Elegy was written by a gentleman whose mind had been wounded by the caprice of a Young Lady, who "claimed the triumph of a lettered heart," without knowing how to value and retain her prize.

Yet once again in yonder myrtle bowers,
Whence rose-lipp'd zephyrs, hovering shed perfume,
I weave the painted radiance of the flowers,
And press coy nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wondering eyes
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gemm'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
These snatch the wreath, by plastic nature wove,
Nor wonton summer yield one garland more
To grace the bosom of the nymph I love!

For she shall come; with her each sister grace,
With her the kindred powers of harmony,
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes,
She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
She loves the spot where infant genius blooms,
She loves the spot, where peace and freedom smile,

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn;
In vain with brighter tints the florets glow,
Or dewdrops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale
Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches wide,
Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
Or glist'ning, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,
To hymn wild carols to returning day,
And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies;
Her swift wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
And countless zephyrs waft her thro' the skies.

There while her bright wheels pause in cloudless air,
She waves the magic septre of command,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azur nectar flow,
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

These, cull'd from every mountain, every plain,
Perennial flowers, the ambient air perfume,
Far off stern boreas holds his drear domain,
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale evening spreads the dewy veil,
What time the red morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here,....not here,
Does spring eternal hold her placid reign,
Already boreas chills the altering year,
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promis'd joys!....fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes too long believed in vain,
Plung'd down and swallow'd deep in time's abyss!
So veering chance, and ruthless fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh unheeded to the moon's pale beam,
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

Oh! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here truth, love, freedom, innocence resort,
And offer long oblivion to thy paines.

When panting, gasping, breathless on the strand
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand,
That points to safety, liberty and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe,
Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous sea;
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,
Too soon, too soon, the calmn deceitful flies;
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,
I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet let the tempest roar!...love scorns all harms,
I plunge amid the storm, resolved to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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